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NOT INFALLIBLE.

Mr. Eldridge T. Gerry thinks himself and his Bureauers infallible. In his protest against the passage of THE EVENING WORLD'S Children's Bill he indulges in this breezy bit of egotism: "The directors of these institutions are the only proper and impartial persons competent to judge whether or no the welfare of a child demands its removal from the custody of its parents."

THE EVENING WORLD cheerfully concedes the great good that these institutions are capable of doing, but it maintains, and has produced indubitable proof to sustain its position, that they are also capable of cruel injustice.

The Children's Bill would curtail their usefulness one whit, but it would make it impossible for them to become engines of torture.

It is human to err. It is inhuman not to provide a remedy for the error.

It is a fundamental principle of law that every wrong should have its remedy, but Mr. Gerry would have his charity conducted in opposition to this principle.

Notwithstanding the infallibility arrogated to himself by Mr. Gerry, the lawmakers are likely to have confidence in the impartiality of the judgment of the Judges of the Supreme Court as to the sufficiency of the proofs of the propriety of separating children from their parents in contested cases.

In this view we are supported by an overwhelming public sentiment, which nerves us for the stubborn struggle with the Bureauers.

WHY?

Why should not the wishes of the amusement-loving portion of the people of this city be secured to with reference to the preservation of the Polo Grounds for the coming season?

Who is clamoring for the street improvement which would abolish the Polo Grounds? There is no solid phalanx of adjoining property-owners moving in the matter. On the contrary, they are divided in their views.

In favor of the delay for the present season in opening One Hundred and Eleventh street there is wonderful unanimity among the hundreds of thousands who admire the National game.

They are certainly worthy of some consideration. What advantage would accrue to the city by hurrying the proposed street grading? None. In fact it would be unwise and extravagant to do the grading at present. No application has been made for sewers in that street, and there will be none until after the close of the baseball season. Until the sewers are provided for all work upon the streets would be a useless waste of money, as the work would have to be done over when the sewers are built.

Save the Polo Grounds this year, Messrs Aldermen. By so doing the interests of the city will be best served and almost everybody will be gratified.

APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

Gentle reader, be on your guard to-day. You cannot be dead sure of the reality of anything you see or hear, for the practical joker is on the rampage. It is All Fools' Day, and it is perfectly legitimate for your wife to salt your coffee, the chambermaid to place hairs in your bed, your most trusted friend to prove false, and the festive small boy to pin all sorts of placards on your coat.

If you receive messages of a startling nature, don't be gulled. If you are asked to meet a friend in some place several miles distant, don't go. If Barnum's wild animals are reported to have broken loose and to be charging down the street, don't be scared. This is the one day in all the year when deception is allowable, even in the truly good, and the opportunity is improved.

Don't be fooled!

WORLDLINGS.

Stonewall Jackson's widow is now living in Randolph County, N. C., with her father, who is ninety-one years of age.

George W. Childs, the wealthy Philadelphia editor, owns a number of the handsomest carriages in the city, but does not ride in them once a year. He is very fond of walking and goes wherever he can on foot.

When Asa Packer, afterwards the founder of Lehigh University, was a boatman on the Lehigh Canal, Charles Anthony became his bondsman for the purchase of a mule that Packer was too poor to pay for. At his death Packer left an estate of several millions, but his fortune was lost by the mule, which he was passing the remainder of his life in wretchedness and poverty.

A mobile fisherman is known by the singular appellation of "Pork and Beans." The name was originally bestowed on him as a nickname because of his fondness for the Boston articles of diet, but in course of time he adopted it regularly and has since used it in all his business transactions, his family name being entirely forgotten.

"Herald" Curses.

[From the Metropolitan.]

The most infamous article ever printed in a paper was the leading editorial in last Friday's Herald—an appropriate day for so foul a deed. It was headed "Let the Children Be Saved," but every word, line and paragraph, meant, in plain English, "Let the Children Be Damned."

Better Than All Others.

604 CARMINE ST., NEW YORK.

Dr. H. H. H. I desire to say to you that I have tried many of the so-called blood purifiers, but never saw one worth taking until I came across your "Cure for Scurvy." I found that a really good and honest medicine, and one that would cure more than all the other purifiers and blood medicines on the market. Yours, J. H. H.

MUNDANE MATTERS.

It is reported that four hundred craft will participate in the Centennial naval pageant. Great Scott! Haven't we had enough "four hundred" business? In the name of a snob-ridden people we insist that there be one more or less than four hundred craft.

Republican family law are now quite common. They do not often contain anything sweet.

It is claimed that President Harrison's habit of walking on the streets so much is tending to make him popular in Washington. Probably he would increase his popularity with the office-seekers if he would make some other fellows walk.

BEER AND RUM BUT NO MUSIC.

Side Doors Were Open, but Supt. Murray Stopped the Sacred Concerts.

Supt. Murray kept his word and yesterday was the first Sunday in the history of modern New York when there were no "sacred concerts" in this town at places where table beer could be enjoyed with the music.

Every concert and beer hall in the city was closed, and a dreary gloom pervaded the haunts of the Sunday beer drinker and music lover. Even at the Eden Musee there was nothing to be had in the way of liquid refreshment, and the Hungarian Hand played nothing but real sacred music.

The Hibernia Sewing Society, a large benevolent organization, had sold over 1,000 tickets for a concert to be held last night at the Lexington Avenue Opera House for charity. But it did not occur and a notice was posted on the door postponing the affair to April 3.

The side doors were all open from the Battery to Fort Hamilton, and the thirsty could get full of alcohol, though the musical ear might faint. The Sunday Concert law was thoroughly enforced, though the authorities winked at the sale of beer.

Corporation Counsel Beckman has furnished the Police Commissioners with an opinion that wedding parties can be held on Sunday in public halls where liquor license exists without interference by the police. The Commissioners, however, seem to look upon this ruling with suspicion. They say that they will not allow it to be taken advantage of by concert room people to evade the law.

BARNUM AND BAILEY'S SHOW.

New Features Introduced, and the Menagerie Has Been Increased.

This is the second week of Barnum and Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth in Madison Square Garden. As the show is billed for exhibition in Brooklyn on Easter Monday, there remains but two weeks more after this for its stay in this city.

Beginning with this afternoon, a number of new acts will be introduced into the already large programme, and more new features will be added.

Never before was the attendance so great as during the week just closed. On several occasions the doors were closed at a very early hour, and many were turned away, unable to gain admission.

At no time in the past were there monster shows ever so meritorious as this season. Nearly all the acts are new, while the display of wild beasts is greater than ever. The dwarf hairy elephant, riding a bicycle and playing musical instruments, seems to captivate every one of the thousands of little children that daily crowd the building; while the thrilling races of the hippodrome and other features are a source of great interest and pleasure to all others.

The menageries have been added to by a cage of 120 monkeys, a caribou, an antelope and other animals, and seven seals on their way from Norway to replace those devoured by the polar bear.

ONE BLOCK FROM ENGELHARDT'S.

Counties in the Tenth Get New Headquarters and Notice to Quit.

The Tenth Assembly District County Democracy Association has secured new quarters at the corner of Fifth street and Second avenue.

William Pitt Mitchell states as the reason for this change of base that the rooms at present occupied or rather rented by the Association over Chas. Engelhardt's saloon, at Fourth street and Second avenue, are too small for the uses of the organization.

The reason is alleged to be the personal encounter between Mitchell and Engelhardt, which occurred when the latter decorated the Excise Commissioner's expressive features in repulse with a heavy lens glass, for the new rooms are said to be less commodious than the old.

Engelhardt has announced his intention to forcibly eject his unwelcome tenants if they do not move their belongings from his premises before May 1.

MOTHER AND CHILDREN BURNED.

The Woman Herself Believed to Have Started the Fatal Fire.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

MILWAUKEE, Wis., April 1.—In a fire in Fifteenth street early this morning Mrs. Margaret Kinlein and her three children were burned to death.

They occupied three rooms on the lower floor of a small frame house, and it is believed that the woman herself deliberately started the fire in a moment of frenzied despair.

The children were all boys—John, aged six years; George, aged four, and a baby, Richard, aged two.

Little Richard's body was found in the basement, having dropped through a hole that was burned in the floor.

Mrs. Kinlein was left a widow about two months ago and has supported herself by taking in washing.

JUMPED DOWN THE AIR-SHAFT.

Kate Sanders Makes a Desperate Effort to End Her Life.

Kate Sanders, forty years old, tried to end her life by jumping down the air shaft from the first floor to the cellar of her residence, 226 East Thirty-ninth street, at 9 o'clock this morning.

The noise of her fall attracted the attention of her neighbors, and an ambulance was at once summoned, the surgeon of which discovered that she had sustained serious internal injuries.

She was taken to Bellevue Hospital.

Notes of Organized Labor.

The Central Labor Union will reorganize next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. At that time all the officers and committees will hold over until the organization is perfected. It is said that the list of the officers and committees will return.

All unions of painters and carpenters will hereafter endeavor to enforce their scale of wages, \$3.50 per day of nine hours for five days and eight on Saturday.

The Central Federation of Labor has agreed to meet in Military Hall for one year, and will not have any rent to pay.

The cigar-makers' unions are complaining of low wages, and there has been talk of a strike in May, but no action can be taken until the question is submitted to all the local unions. The last strike resulted so disastrously that the International Union is moving cautiously in the matter of strikes.

A bill is before the Michigan Legislature empowering building and factory inspectors to enforce the law prohibiting child labor.

Sixteen new unions were chartered by the Brotherhood of Carpenters last month—a total of 114 since August last.

If you want to relieve the disease of teeth without risk give MORRIS'S TEETHING CORDIAL. 25c.

SOME CONCENTRATED WIT.

WHIMSICAL ABSURDITIES THAT AROUND IN THE WORLD OF FUN.

Not Well Up in Latin.

[From the Epoch.]



Farmer Oatcake (on a visit to his son in New York)—Mirandy, I think Bob has got a queer way of advertising his apothecary business. Here's a new kind of salve he's got stamped on his door-mat.

His Idea of Religion.

[From the Epoch.]

First Boy.—Is your mother religious?

Second Boy.—Yes, she reads the family Bible at my father every Sunday morning.

Judging from Home.

[From the Epoch.]

"Present, wear; past, wore. Tommy, define that," said the teacher.

"When mamma gets a new dress it's to wear, and when papa gets the bill it's to pay," answered the bright boy.

An Invisible Color.

[From the Epoch.]

Professor—Microscopic investigations lead us to believe that there are colors too delicate to be discerned by the human eye—invisible colors, we may call them.

Student.—I know the name of one of them, sir. Professor—Which?—Student.—What is it?

Student.—Blind man's buff.

In the Potage.

[From the Epoch.]

Lady.—Biddy, have you seen the little stuffed bird I had in my bonnet?

Biddy.—Yes, mum. I put it in the soup to make it a little richer.

Aristocratic Bait.

[From the Epoch.]

Biddy.—I want five cents, mum, to buy cheese to bait the rat trap.

Lady.—Here are ten cents. Buy some macaroni, too, and cook it with the cheese *au gratin*. This house was occupied by Sir Benavventura for three years, and the rats may have Italian tendencies.

Knew Them.

[From the Epoch.]

Two men sitting in a Chicago hotel. "Say," says one, "what have you done with your corner lot?"

"Nothing yet, but am going to plant it in corn. What have you done with your hotel?"

"I have stored oats and fodder in it."

Negro Porter (musing).—Dem men is fun in-junapolis.

He Recommended It.

[From the Epoch.]

School Teacher (irate).—Who fired that spit-ball at me? I'll cane him!

Young Kentuckian (country boy 6 feet 5)—I did, sir.

School Teacher.—Humph! Well—er—don't do it again.

A Fellow Feeling.

[From the Epoch.]

Quizzler on his way home is halted by a foot-pat.

F. P.—Your money or your life.

Quizz.—Well, I don't mind; I've only got a quarter.

F. P.—Give it up. It's good for a drink, anyhow, and what to do with it.

Quizz.—A drink? Why, man alive, it's good for two. Won't you treat?

F. P.—Cert, come along.

Lovely Eyes at Belmont's.

[From the Epoch.]

Edward (who has taken his girl to Del's and given her a thirty-dollar dinner).—Well, darling, what do you think of Belmont's?

Girl.—I think that French waiter has the loveliest eyes I ever saw.

His Qualifications.

[From the Epoch.]

Parishioner (to member of Committee appointed to select a new pastor).—Have you found a man for us yet?

"Yes, indeed, and he's a good one."

"Well, his preaching may not be anything extra, but he pitches the best game of ball you ever saw."

AN EXILE FROM BRIDGEPORT.

Dr. Middlebrooks Lived in New York Seventeen Years to Escape a Connecticut Jail.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 1.—Dr. E. B. Middlebrooks, who died yesterday at 121 East Seventy-eighth street, New York City, in his seventy-fifth year, fled from this city seventeen years ago after assaulting Lawyer W. K. Seelye in the court-room during the trial of a case.

He was compelled to remain out of the State or go to jail to serve out a sentence for contempt of Court.

A fine of \$600 was imposed, which Middlebrooks paid, and Seelye at once turned the amount over to the Orphan Asylum.

Dr. Middlebrooks repeatedly tried to get the indictment set aside, but Seelye always prevented it.

About a month ago, however, Dr. Middlebrooks' grandson came to this city, and through able counsel succeeded in quietly removing all obstacles against Middlebrooks' returning. Seelye was indignant, but was powerless to prevent the return of the doctor.

The local papers got into a controversy as to whether or not Dr. Middlebrooks would dare to come back, but before the question was settled death stopped him.

Dr. Middlebrooks owned large blocks of real estate in this city, and was considered a wealthy man.

Purify Your Blood

When Spring approaches, it is very important that the blood should be purified, as at this season impurities have been accumulating for months or even years are liable to manifest themselves and seriously affect the health. Hood's Sarsaparilla is undoubtedly the best blood purifier. It expels every taint, drives out scrofulous humors, and gives to the blood the quality and tone essential to good health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists, etc., or for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apolonia, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

STATS' Professor and Mrs. Sharp to friends were then at him.

I didn't seem to sense the thing until I turned it round.

POPPING THE QUESTION BY NOTE.

[WRITTEN BY THE EVENING WORLD STAFF.]

You never heard me sing, you say. Well, I guess you never will.

I'm very fair at callin' cove, but ain't built right to trill;

I never went to singin' school but once in all my life.

And then it wa'n't so much twasin' as 'twas in git a wife.

I thought a deal of Sal Magee, the darter of the Squire.

She was the singer of the town 'nd led the Baptist choir.

She seemed to like my company, but every time I tried

To tell her of my love for her, I vow, I got tongue-tied.

There was a chap from Boston at the Squire's, a-boardin' that.

With high-falutin' pedigree 'nd long, black, shiny hair;

He claimed to be an invalid 'nd liable to faint.

I knew darned well what ailed him, fur I'd got the same complaint.

They called him "The Professor;" the Squire thought he was great.

And reckoned for a son-in-law he'd suit him just fast rate.

This fellow stuck so close to Sal I couldn't git a chance

To take her to a huskin' bee, a picnic or a dance.

I was a growin' desprit, when 'long late in the Fall

Came Singin' Teacher Prindle 'nd rented the town hall.

He started up a singin' school, 'nd all the young folks come.

Ter singin' 'nd first inside the hall 'nd court a-go-in' hum.

Well, Sal, she of course must go, 'nd Squire look special car'.

That long-haired, lank Professor went with her everywhar.

I peeked in through the door one night 'nd saw 'em sittin' thar.

A-singin, while 'longside o' her was 'bout a foot to spar.

I just walked coolly up the aisle 'nd plumped down in the seat

Beside her, 'nd she blushed 'nd smiled 'nd never looked so sweet.

The look, though, that Professor give 'nd turn a daisy car.

But I made up my mind to just improve that shinin' hour.

Just then who should come puffin' in but the old Squire, 'nd he

Rat right down in an empty seat behind his gal 'nd me.

I sat without a-lookin' round about how he would look

To see us two a-sittin' thar 'nd singin' from one book.

But how was I agoin' to tell her just what was on my mind.

With that Professor on one side 'nd the old Squire behind?

Then suddenly it seemed to me I'd thought of just the thing.

When Teacher Prindle named the piece they next was goin' to sing.

"Salvation's free for you 'nd me," that was the piece they sung.

I sung this way in her ear with all my power o' lung:

"Sal, Magee, do you love me?" She blushed, I knew she heard.

"Sal, Magee, I love but thee," She smiled, but never stirred.

I sung six verses that way before the piece saw done.

When we sat down her big black eyes they fairly danced with feel.

And Teacher Prindle asked some one the next piece to select.

And Sal, she named one that, I vow, I didn't much expect.

"False are the men of high degree," she sang with serious face.

"The baser sort are vanity," This seemed a serious case.

Then I picked out one that I thought would very proper seem:

"O trembling soul, dismiss your fears, let love be all your theme."

I knew it wouldn't do for us to pick out every thing.

And so we each named one hymn more. She picked out this to sing:

"Our souls by love together knit, cemented, mixed in one,

One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice, 'tis heaven on earth begun."

She blushed, I had all I could do to keep from just to relieve myself, I chose, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

And all this had been goin' on right thar befor their eyes.

And the Professor and the Squire were not a bit more wise.

When school was out each took her arm and straight for home did start;

But that I didn't mind, I guessed I knew who had her heart.

I walked on air about a week, although I got no chance

To see her, for she kept away from singin' school 'nd dance.

In 'bout six weeks from that ar time a Bosting letter come,

"The King's Sons" Society.

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